The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIV DECEMBER, 1957 Number 9

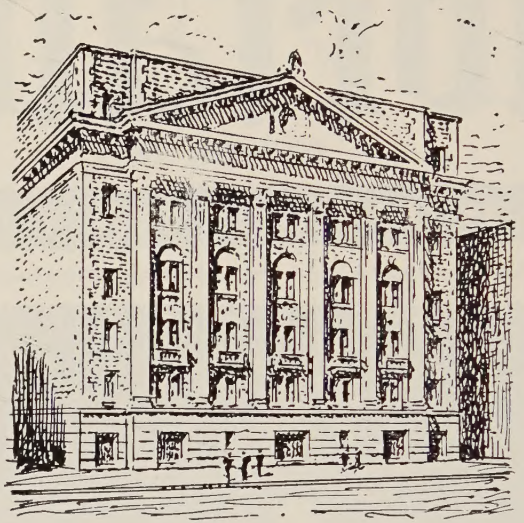
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

ETERNAL CHRISTMAS

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;
The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

(From *Christ in Poetry*—Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM beginning "Along the Way" this month by doing something which I have never done before in this feature. I am going to make a "Sales Talk." The reason I am doing this is because I am fearful that if I put it at the end your patience may not extend that far and it may go unread.

This little magazine now in your hands is in its 34th year. I have two complete files of its entire history. One I keep in my Study and one in the church office. The reason for this is that in the event of fire there would be a complete file surviving. Volume I, No. 1 was published in April, 1924. It is almost a daily occurrence to have someone verify some date by asking us to refer to past numbers. Christenings, weddings and funerals have all been carefully recorded each month. You would be quite surprised if you knew how frequently we are asked to verify dates. Insurance companies, attorneys, FBI agents, County Clerks, Judges and many others have all asked for verification of dates from our files. Notwithstanding I write every day of my life a diary in which I record my experiences, the places where I have spoken, the people I have met, sometimes a reference to the weather and other details which go into a personal day-by-day record of one's life, yet I find I am constantly referring to our files.

We have had both sets of files bound in permanent form and, with care, they will remain for many, many years a complete and exhaustive record. I am writing this because I am trying to impress you as a reader with the fact that our magazine is not the casual church publication that is only for a day and then thrown into a waste basket. I have heard from members and radio friends that they, too, have kept files of the Liberalist. It is a permanent record of the activities of the church, its organizations, its personalities, its members and its growth.

I write this article "Along the Way" often under trying conditions and much too hurriedly. Those who are familiar with our work know how busy I am. We make no pretense of possessing literary brilliancy and there is little time for polishing sentences or spending time in a choice distinction of words. These words come bubbling out of my heart and may be written in a hotel room, on a train, on a steamer, or at my Study desk. I have sometimes written a few paragraphs while waiting for a train in a crowded, noisy railroad station; but the magazine is the product of the vitality of our church. We publish it each month in the year and it goes all over the United States and to many foreign countries.

Each number contains a sermon as it was delivered from the pulpit, so if you are accustomed to my pulpit technique, you are aware that I never use any notes or manuscript when speaking. This system has its faults and its virtues. Extemporaneous speaking does not by any means imply no preparation. Quite the contrary. It is much easier for me to make an hour's address than it is a 15-minute one. Each Sunday morning sermon is taken down by a reporter and we try to eliminate any errors before publication. An editorial which is the gist of a thought is always to be found on the editorial page.

For many years Ethel Wells Smalley, Assistant to the Editor, has spent many hours in writing one of the finest book chat columns I know of being published anywhere. All of the major publishers in the United States recognize this column and send us for review the more important books. This feature alone makes our magazine of inestimable worth, for it is impossible for anyone to keep up with the thousands of books which are published each year in this country. We try to select those which are of major importance and contribute something to the intellectual and spiritual development of the individual and give a better understanding of the grave and fragile economic, political and international problems which prevail. Miss Smalley also has the arduous but pleasant task of reading and selecting the radio mail which is published each month in the Radio Mail Bag column.

All the mail goes first to the church office, where our efficient and dedicated Secretary, May H. Harrison, selects those letters which are of special interest and they are sent to the Study, where Miss Smalley arranges and comments upon them.

One might infer, if our Mail Bag is read from month to month, that all of the letters are complimentary and laudatory of our work, the church and the broadcast. While I never see an anonymous communication, I do request that I see all critical as well as complimentary mail which contains a name and address that can be verified. I receive some letters which tell me what I ought to do, what I ought to see and what my position ought to be. These I welcome and many of them I have found profitable. The vicious, critical anonymous letter never comes to my desk.

All of these letters reveal the diversified types of people who are interested in our broadcasts and the church. Such diversity is indicative of strength and surely intimates that the message and work of our church are important to all kinds of people and to various areas of society.

News of all the organizations in the church is published from month to month and special emphasis is placed upon church events. There is also a list of my engagements. There is this difficulty which is true of all monthly publications: by way of example, I am writing this to you early in November and it is to be a Christmas number. It isn't always possible to be in a Christmas mood before you have observed Thanksgiving Day.

Why am I saying all this in this magazine which I am talking about? For one reason only. We are deeply desirous of increasing our subscription list. We have up until now accepted no advertising. A change in this policy is under consideration by the Board of Trustees. Printing and paper costs have increased almost every two or three months, and at our present subscription price of $2.00, covering mailing to any address in the world, it means that the church is actually losing money each month on the magazine. We are not publishing the magazine to make money, and no one connected with it receives any extra remuneration for what they do. It is an important medium for increasing the area of interest in the church.

Now if you as a reader would only send the magazine to someone you know, a friend or a loved one, for a year, by sending $2 to the church office, with the name and address of the recipient, and your name as the subscriber, it would help tremendously. We are entering the Christmas season. You are already thinking about pres-

ents. Instead of giving a present which will last only a few weeks or many only a few days, why not give a present that will be received each month the whole year through and remind your friends of you. We will send a Christmas card notifying them that you have subscribed for them. I am convinced that right now you, as a reader, could send a subscription to someone for Christmas, which would take care of one of your Christmas gifts and would help us tremendously. I am grateful for your patience in reading this, and I do hope you will respond.

* * *

This Fall I have had the pleasure and the opportunity of lecturing to several teacher's institutes around the country. There is only one other group to which I enjoy speaking as much as I do to teachers and that is to High School, University and College Students. I put these two audiences on the same level. The other day I was inspired and my whole spirit uplifted by speaking to the University High School Student body in Mandel Hall, at the University of Chicago. I have never spoken to a more inspiring group of students.

I had an experience not too long ago which I have had only once before in my entire lifetime. Perhaps you who have listened to me consistently through the years will recall that I often refer to the little village of my birth, Linden, Michigan; and I remember putting in a sermon many years ago an experience which I had as a young high school lad, going from Linden to Black Rock, New York, with a farmer, Mr. George Evans, who was taking two carloads of cattle to the market at Black Rock. In those days, the Grand Trunk Railroad, in conveying stock, permitted one person to accompany each carload. I was invited by Mr. Evans to go with him and of course it was an experience which I can recapture in all the vividness of it at will. We rode in a caboose. I don't think I need to describe what a caboose is on a freight train. We left Linden about half past ten at night and arrived in Black Rock sometime the next afternoon, as I recall it; but I shall never forget riding in what is called the "cupola" of the caboose all night long, never even thinking of sleep, but watching the countryside from the sides of the caboose, with the swinging train in front of me. The memory of the breaking of dawn in the eastern sky lingers in my mind to this moment. That was the first time I ever rode in a caboose.

Now, this very month, and after 60 years, I have had another ride in a caboose! I had addressed the night before, the annual dinner of the Men's Club of the First Methodist Church of Decatur, Illinois. My train schedules are worked out carefully and are put on a card, which I always carry with me and which I always follow. I have to do it that way or sometimes I would meet myself coming back. I went down to Decatur, Illinois, the morning of the day I was to speak, had a wonderful evening with the Men's Club, the members of which crowded the spacious dining room of the First Methodist Church. It was a wonderfully inspiring evening and I went back to my hotel afterwards and went to bed, planning to take a train at about half past eight in the morning for Taylorville, Illinois, where I was to speak to Christian County Teacher's Institute at 11 o'clock that morning.

I have traveled enough to have learned the necessity of meeting every emergency with calmness and of doing the best thing under the inevitable conditions. Imagine how I felt on arriving at the station to learn that the train on the Wabash Road scheduled

from Decatur to Taylorville no longer ran; but they did run a freight train. On this freight train was an about-to-be-discarded remnant of a passenger coach that was clean, but shabby and showed much use. A gentleman in the station said to me, "You can go out and wait in that coach and that train will get to Taylorville sometime, but I don't know just when it will leave." I didn't know what else to do, so I went out, got in the coach, took out a book and started to read. Pretty soon a very congenial conductor, not in uniform but in his working clothes as a freight conductor said to me, "Mister, this car is very uncomfortable and it's quite chilly this morning. Wouldn't you like to go back and ride in the caboose with the crew?" Well, I accepted his invitation immediately and went back to the caboose.

Apparently there hasn't been made the same improvement in the caboose on the part of the railroads that there has been in all other types of cars, for that caboose was very familiar to me. The railroads are unsurpassed in their fine equipment for the convenience and comfort of passengers and they are becoming more so all the time. I have two favorite trains which I ride at every opportunity: the Panama Limited of the Illinois Central Railroad, which I think is one of the finest trains anywhere in America, and the most comfortable, and the Duluth-Superior Limited of the Northwestern Railroad, a train which has been a part of my life for many years as we have come and gone to our island home north of Duluth, Minnesota.

The conductor and the good natured brakeman in the caboose said, "Wouldn't you like to ride in the cupola?" I thanked him, climbed up the ladder to the cupola and there I sat. It wasn't long before the train started and I was soon swaying and rocking along through the beautiful pastoral countryside of that section of Illinois. We stopped at two or three little towns, did some switching, went onto a siding to let another train go by. It was all like a little private tour. We arrived at Taylorville just in time for me to go to the auditorium where the teacher's institute was in session.

In this time of excellent transportation and speed, not very many people have an opportunity of riding a freight train, but I have always had great admiration for railroads. They really made this country and opened up its frontiers. Without our railroads we would be in much more economic difficulty than we are. The little village in which I was born is on the Grand Trunk Railroad and through the years I have retained a sentimental appreciation of that railroad as well. I think I had more of a thrill in riding in a caboose on this trip than I would have had on a rocket to the moon. Who wants to go to the moon, anyway? I would rather go to Taylorville!

* * *

One of my many pleasant recollections of the visit to the Teacher's Institute of Christian County at Taylorville was meeting the Reverend Jason N. Daykin, Minister of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints. Mr. Daykin was present at the lecture and also gave the invocation at the County Superintendent's Luncheon which followed the morning session. We met at the luncheon and had an interesting conversation and then he suggested that he show me about the city of Taylorville and take me to the afternoon train which was to bring me to Chicago.

It developed that Mr. Daykin is far from being the type of minister whom you sometimes associate with

certain professional characteristics of clergymen. He is a man of considerable scientific knowledge and interest in the field of archeology. I learned many things from him about his church and what it stands for; but I learned too that he is a water commissioner for the City of Taylorville and is considered an authority on one of our greatest resources—water. He largely designed and was instrumental in having built a water filtering plant for the city, which, when I visited it, was a revealing experience. I saw the large mains where the water is pumped from the wells and followed the process of its being made free from any suspicion of pollution as it passes through the water filtering plant. This was the first time I had ever visited such a plant. He drove me to the station in late afternoon and I deeply appreciated his spending so much time with me and I know that our acquaintanceship will deepen into a friendship.

* * *

I am closing the column this month with a prayer in my heart that you will send a subscription for some friend to the Liberalist, as soon as you read these words, for a Christmas gift from you.

Speaking for June and myself, our deepest desire and continuing hope is that you and all who love you and all whom you love will have a Christmas season impregnated with the love which comes from the heart of the most beautiful baby ever born on this earth.

May the song of angels which this world has been hearing for 2,000 years and which it seems to have almost forgotten be heard this year in the sky of men's hopes and may we sometime build that peace which man can build if he will only try hard enough.

A Christmas of great merriment and and a New Year of increasing happiness!

A THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

A wonderful way to make Christmas last for some loved one or a friend would be to give them a year's subscription to The Liberalist—a reminder every month in the year that you are thinking of them. The Liberalist is becoming more and more popular with our readers. Many of our members who have moved to other parts of the country appreciate keeping in touch with our church and with Dr. Bradley's sermons in this way.

Send $2.00 to the Church Office, with the name and address of the person to whom it should be sent, signing your name as the donor. A Christmas card will be sent in your name announcing the gift.

The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois.

Please enter subscription to The Liberalist for one year beginning with this issue

for..... (Name)

.....(Address) .....(City).....(State)

Enclosed find Check ( ) Money Order ( ) for $2.00.

(Signed).....(Name) .....(Address)

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

in the Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

Sunday, Dec. 1, Uptown Temple Club, Anderson Hall..... 5 to 7 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 1, Morning subject: "Will You Be Ready for Christmas?"..11:00 a.m.
To be announced..... 7:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 2, American Citizenship Day in the Woman's Club, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Chairman, will present Mrs. Helen Lynch, of the Board of Education, whose subject will be "Lighten the Way for Our New Americans." Hostesses: Mrs. Harry Giffing, Mrs. Roy Monson and Miss Ethel Fowler..... 1:00 p.m.

Wednesday, Dec. 4, Book Lecture by Dr. Bradley, who will review "The Art of Loving," by Eric Fromm..... 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 8, Uptown Temple Club, Anderson Hall..... 5 to 7 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 8, Dr. Bradley's subjects:
"Tone-Deaf at Christmas".....11:00 a.m.
To Be announced..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 8, Professional and Business Woman's Club will hold a Sunday Afternoon Tea and Christmas Musicale. Artists to be announced 4:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 15, Dr. Bradley's subjects:
"Christmas Calories".....11:00 a.m.
To be announced..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 15, Uptown Temple Club, Anderson Hall..... 5 to 7 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 16, Woman's Club Christmas Party, Mrs. J. C. Beck, Chairman. Motion Pictures, "South America and Africa," by Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh. Hostesses: Mrs. Harry Stone and Mrs. Hugo Johnson.... 1.00 p.m.

Friday, Dec. 20, Sunday School Christmas Party—Santa Claus—Children's Program by members of Church School. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, honored guests..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 22, Dr. Bradley's subjects; Christmas Sunday Services:
"Christmas is What You Make It".....11:00 a.m.
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play..... 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Dec. 24, Christmas Eve Service: "Christmas Day in the Morning" .....11 p.m. to midnight

Sunday, Dec. 29, Dr. Bradley's subjects:
"A Hilltop View of Life".....11:00 a.m.
"What Do You See in the Mirror?"..... 7:00 p.m.

Tuesday, Dec. 31, Watch Night Service:
"Hello, Tomorrow!".....11 p.m. to midnight

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THE happiest, most joyful day of all the year is just ahead. What is the joy of Christmas? To us older folks it is the deep abiding faith that a baby born in the world is more powerful than all the Caesars, and that the light from the face of a little child still illumines all the dark places of the earth. But to children it is more than that. It is the joy of surprise. When those youngsters of yours at home slip down the stairs long before it is dawn on Christmas morn and look at the tree that you trimmed all evening, after they were fast asleep, what is the joy that comes to their little hearts? Why, it is the joy of surprise, isn't it? All the happiness of Christmas centers about the home. Home for Christmas! Ah, that would be Christmas indeed!

In the far-off days of my own childhood, in the country home where we had round-oak stoves, burned wood, and used kerosene lamps, Christmas was the happiest day of all the year. Christmas is home-time, and I feel sorry for that ultra-sophisticated type of person who cannot recapture on Christmas day the simplicities and the beauties of childhood.

Don't ever give up believing in Santa Claus. I haven't. The subjective fact of Santa Claus is the most real thing I know. I feel sorry for the individual so disillusioned with life, anchored to things, that they no longer believe in Santa Claus. I believe in Santa Claus and I am not ashamed of it. The mere fact that I know who is Santa Claus doesn't make any difference. Why let that interfere? Without this kindly old heart of Santa Claus what a weary world it would be. There's a little home in the country where I wish I could go on Christmas. I can't. The demands of a busy life and radio schedules prevent that, and perhaps there are others, listening now, who can't be home either. What a fine thing it would be if you would just call up that father and mother, or that loved one, and add to their Christmas joy by letting them hear your voice on Christmas.

I have heard angels sing all my life; I have followed stars; I know all about the kindly hearts of shepherds. I have even been a shepherd and tended a flock, so I don't permit the materialism to rob me of the glory and beauty of the Christmas day. Follow the star, sing angel songs, and let love have full sway in your life.

THE CHICAGO CONFERENCE

By DR. FRED ELIOT
President of the American Unitarian Association

RELIGIOUS liberals in many parts of the United States and Canada, representing a wide range of church and denominational affiliations, will unite in welcoming the sixteenth Congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom, I.A.R.F., to Chicago, August 9 to 13, 1958. We hope for large delegations from all the European liberal groups, and also for representatives of all the continents of the world. The gathering in Chicago may well be the greatest, in numbers and in variety of religions represented, since the First World Parliament of Religions, held in the same city in 1894.

The Congress will be held in the buildings of the University of Chicago, by invitation of the Chancellor. Delegates will be housed in university dormitories, and all facilities of the University will be available to enhance the success of the Congress. The Federated Theological Faculty, which is the largest faculty of theology in America, has most cordially expressed interest in the Congress and will cooperate in every way.

The American committees, to whom the chief responsibility for making the arrangements has been assigned, have been carefully organized. The chairman of the General Committee is Dr. Dana McLean Greeley, minister of Arlington Street Church, Boston, and President of the Unitarian Service Committee. Chairman of the Hospitality Committee in Chicago is Dr. Leslie T. Pennington, minister of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago, and a member of the Board of Trustees of the World Peace Union. Chairman of the Promotion Committee is Rev. Dana E. Klotzle, director of the Service Department of the Universalist Church of America. Various subcommittees will deal with such matters as publicity, transportation, registration and finance.

* * *

Three honorary chairmen have been named for the General Committee, all of whom have been presidents of the I.A.R.F.—Dr. John H. Lathrop, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. H. Stewart Carter, of Cambridge, England, and Mr. Percival F. Brundage, Washington, D. C.

Members of the Programme Committee include Prof. James Luther Adams, of Harvard University, President Sidney E. Mead, of the Meadville Theological School, Professor Floyd H. Ross, of the University of Southern California, Professor Joseph M. Kitagawa, of the Chicago Federated Theological Faculty, Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review,* and Dr. Frederick May Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association.

The general theme for the Congress will be "Today's Religions Can Meet the World's Needs Today," and the wording of the theme suggests the positive, constructive spirit with which the Congress will face the present situation in a world where many baffling problems have sometimes generated an almost despairing attitude in the minds and hearts of religious leaders. At this gathering in Chicago we propose to consider the world's needs from the point of view of a religious faith that is fundamentally committed to a rational optimism. If he will use all the resources that are available to him,

and especially if he will use the spiritual resources that are to be found in all the principal high religions of the world, modern man can deal adequately with all the problems that confront him.

The plan for the Congress calls for a series of five evening meetings at which the theme will be considered from the point of view of five different forms of faith—Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism, and Hinduism. We expect to hold these meetings in the great Rockefeller Chapel of the University of Chicago.

There will be five panel-discussion groups, each of which will meet four times and then present its findings to a plenary session of the Congress. The topics for the groups will be: (1) Philosophy and Theology; (2) Education and the Arts; (3) Racial and Religious Tension; (4) Modern Science; (5) Mutual Assistance and World Organization. Each panel will consist of four or five experts in the field of its special interest, from various parts of the world, and the chairmen of the five panels will constitute a "findings committee," whose duty it will be to co-ordinate the findings of the several groups for presentation to the whole body of delegates.

"Things We Must Not Lose"
"WE MUST NOT LOSE OUR COURAGE"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
October 27, 1957

TODAY is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt. Last June I was privileged to have a boyhood ambition —and a lifetime ambition up until that hour—realized. I was able to visit the home at Sagamore Hill, at Oyster Bay, of Theodore Roosevelt. And the reason I was so anxious to visit the home is because he had been one of my own childhood idols. He was the first President of the United States I ever saw, and when a boy sees his President for the first time it is always a great experience!

Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the United States, was coming to what was then the State Agricultural College of Michigan, located at Lansing, now Michigan State—where I am going to speak on Saturday of this week. I wanted to see the President of the United States. I lived several miles from Lansing. He was to be there on a very hot June day—he was to give the Commencement Address for the State College. And so I set out on foot, hitchhiking! Those days you had to hitchhike in wagons and buggies—I should have to explain, probably, what both of these things are, to a metropolitan audience—but I hitchhiked in a horse-and-buggy, hayrack, everything, and I finally landed in Lansing. I only had on two garments—a knee-length pair of trousers (in those days they were "pants") and a shirt that my mother made. I didn't even have a hat! And I landed in Lansing to discover a tremendous crowd of people, of course, thousands of people, and they told me that the President was to come to the Capitol and was to make an address from the Capitol steps before he went out to the College. So I went up to the Capitol.

I couldn't get anywhere near it—I was so short, and there's been no

improvement on that! But I wasn't quite as stout as I am today! Incidentally, I might tell you—and I think I have never told you in all these years—that my nickname as a boy was Tom Thumb! I was so short, and skinny—and the neighbors used to come in and sympathize with my mother for fear that I would never live to grow up! I remember it very well, indeed. But I was called Tom Thumb! I saw a tree at the edge of the campus, facing the Capitol building—and on Saturday I'm going to see that same tree because I'm going to stay at the old hotel in Lansing which is right in front of that tree, facing the State Capitol of Michigan. Well, I got up in that tree and I got out on a limb and I said: "Here's the place to see the President of the United States!"

Very soon, with two prancing horses, in an old victoria, down Capitol Avenue came Theodore Roosevelt! He was waving to the crowds on either side, showing every tooth in his head, and he had a great set of teeth—he was entitled to be proud of them! He was bowing and enjoying every moment of it! And he passed right under where I was in the tree, and I looked down and I said, "Hello, Teddy!" And he looked up at me and showed every tooth in his head and he said, in that falsetto that he would sometimes break into, (those of you who remember him, will recall it) "How's the weather up there, sonny?" A President of the United States had spoken to me! I tell you, that whole season long I was a distinguished student in our little school—the President had spoken to me!

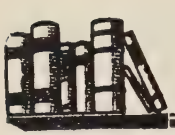
Later on we were to become good friends, and I stood by his side in the LaSalle Hotel in the City of Chicago the afternoon on which he left for Milwaukee, the afternoon of the evening in which he displayed as great courage as any man in public life has ever displayed, when he was shot just before entering the Auditorium at Milwaukee! And he took out of his pocket a manuscript stained with his own blood and he finished that address, little knowing how seriously wounded he was! Then into an ambulance to the Presbyterian Hospital here in Chicago—and the rest is history! But all my life there was something about him that captured my boyish fancy and commanded my adult appreciation, and it does not diminish with the years! I wonder what it was!

True, he was a scholar. He surprised Sir Edward Gray in Britain one day by naming the species of the bird songs that he heard! He was a lover of nature; he was a scholar; he was a great literary genius, but what was it that captured me as a lad and still commands my loyalty as we think about courage this morning! It was not merely his political philosophy—for with some of it I heartily disagreed! It was not so much the objective life which he lived; but there was a quality about him that I think we need today in public and private living as we have never needed it before—he had an unprecedented quality of great courage! First, he had the courage of his convictions! No man could take the position which he did in his attitude toward American industry and American labor without courageous honesty! He had the depth and the quality of great courage! Is there anything more needed in the life of the world today than that quality? Do you need anything more in your individual life this morning than that quality? Do any of us, in this upset, disturbed, tortured hour, when we are having, increasingly, an opportunity to re-establish the fundamental rectitudes of civilization

and of life everywhere in the world, need anything more than courage?

There are three kinds of courage. Obviously, the "physical" courage. Every man is basically at heart physically courageous. If we were to step out of this church this morning into a frightful automobile accident on Lawrence Avenue and there would be suffering people and injured people on the street, there isn't one of us who wouldn't leap immediately to give them help and care! Most of us respond to physical courage—it is truly a universal trait. Then, of course, there is "intellectual" courage! Intellectual courage is less prevalent, much less universal. The intellectual courage that "comes to terms" with the problems of religion, of education, of government, of business; the intellectual courage that when we are convinced we are right and that our thinking is correct, our information is correct—the intellectual courage to stand up! What does it mean to have that courage in an hour when international relations are fragile—the courage to stand for a united world in the tragedy of the present? What does it mean to stand intellectually courageous in a world where men are being hated and persecuted and are being denied the privileges of civilization and of culture because of their color? What does it mean to stand up intellectually and be counted in a world like this? What does it mean to stand up in the problems of labor, an intellectual courage to see clearly the problem and then the courage to take a position and stand there? There is the great necessity, of course, not only for physical and intellectual courage, but for spiritual courage! The kind of courage which, when it is operative in a human soul, has a direct relationship to the person's health; to the person's buoyancy; to their point of view! The attitude of courage can create chemical changes in your own physical structure! An idea is the most powerful thing in the world! Thoughts are things! They're not intangible speculations—thoughts are things! And when our minds have the courage to think creatively and constructively in every area of our challenged world, then the transformation comes—the chemical processes take place in our own body and we become more highly fortified to face life with a greater capacity of strength and of power!

Do not eliminate this quality from your character, I beg of you—I plead with you to cultivate it, counting not the cost! Supposing it does mean ostracization; supposing it does mean elimination from a certain social status; supposing it does mean a lot of things —what of it! Call the roll of history—Mazzini of Italy; Wilberforce of England; Wendell Phillips and Abraham Lincoln of America; Dr. Schweitzer of Africa! The great element of courage —the courage to turn our backs upon mere ease and comfort and security and go out into the arena and fight for the things in which we believe! That is the finest achievement in the world! And if your heart is faltering this morning and you're vacillating in your attitude, I plead, as a preacher, change your attitude at once! Throw back your shoulders; hold your chin high, and say to the world as one said so long ago in this mighty moment of history: "Here I stand! I can do none other!" Then you will see strength flowing back into your body, love into your heart, reason into your brain—and life will be significant! Courage—my defeated friend! Courage—my ill friend! Courage—my forgotten friend! Courage—you of lonely heart! Courage! Sound it within every avenue of your soul, and life will be different!



BOOK CHATS

NAMES like Pearl S. Buck, Elizabeth Bowen, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, W. D. Howells, Margery Allingham, Frederik Pohl, Shirley Jackson, William Iversen, Nathaniel Benchley and Merrill Denison spell good Christmas stories. Dorothy Wilson has edited *The Family Christmas Book*, and Prentice-Hall, Inc. published it.

Pearl Buck's "Christmas Day in the Morning" is lovely in its simplicity as a father lives over again in the wee hours before dawn the day many years ago when he drew up alongside his own father and was no longer a child. It was the day he had discovered that his father really loved him. That love had carried over into his own life and now, fifty years later, it was evidenced in a love letter to Mary, his wife.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin's rollicking, lusty, vigorous story of the boys' "Yuletide on Uncle Thomas," will delight all fathers and sons who happen to find it on the library or living-room table on Christmas morning. Uncle Thomas is a retired sea captain whose wife had somehow managed to get him to retire to a farm. To escape from this "land-prison" he kept a vessel moored in the bay, where it became ice-bound in winter. To this delightful spot he invited all the male cousins at Christmastime, to the despair of their parents. One can smell the smoke as the cabin becomes blue while Uncle Thomas cooks flapjacks which he rolls around crisply fried strips of salt pork. The boys take their turns on watch, wake in the morning to smell wild goose soup and to find tucked in their shoes all kinds of sloops, barks or brigantines, rigged with linen sails and shrouds of thin thread, each painted and polished for loving hours on end. These Uncle Thomas has busied himself with all year, between mackerel and herring fishing, when he should have been hoeing potatoes and beans. The fact that the only direction in which the ice-bound vessel moved was up and down did not in any way detract from the adventure, nor relieve the boys from having to take turns standing watch all night.

* * *

Prentice-Hall have published a very lovely book for Christmas giving. The title is "Jesus Loved Them." This is a book of living portraits of people who knew Jesus. Two newspapermen have given us this book. Every other page contains a vivid and life-like portrait and across from the portrait is a one-page account of the significant events in that subject's life and his or her relationship to Jesus.

The artist, Sam Patrick, picked his models from life, spared no effort to find the desired features and feeling in a face. The result is a startling effect. You see the absolute doubt in Thomas's face; hard expediency on the face of Caiaphas, the high priest. In the portrait of Pontius Pilate we see the fear to stand forth and be counted as one who had the courage of his convictions; and, to give an idea of the account of Pilate which accompanies this artist's conceptions we quote the following:

"Pontius Pilate, who became pro-

curator of Judea under Tiberius Caesar in A. D. 26, was a product of Roman society during the early Empire.

"He was military in bearing, tactless, skeptical, arbitrary. Almost from the first day of his arrival in Judea, there existed an implacable hatred between him and the people he ruled.

"Twice before the trial of Jesus, he had been forced to yield to the will of the populace, or risk open rebellion that might cost him his position.

"The first time occurred when he brought army standards bearing the likeness of the Roman emperor into Jerusalem, thus profaning the holy city. After five days of uproar and rioting, he removed them.

"On another occasion, the Jews forced him to remove a set of Roman votive tablets from Herod's palace, which he occupied in Jerusalem.

"Pilate knew that Jesus was innocent. He had secret spies among the people who had reported almost daily on the Nazarene's activities.

"Moreover there is good reason to believe that Pilate's wife, Claudia Procula, had actually met Jesus, and was one of His secret followers.

"During the trial, she sent Pilate a message, warning him to 'have nothing to do with that just man.'

"But 'when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this man.'

"In the most critical decision of his career, the 'fearless' Roman had again bowed to the shouting, factious, bloodthirsty mob.

"Tradition says he never forgot this tragic hour. A few years afterward, in exile, 'wearied with misfortunes,' he killed himself."

These portraits alone, without the account of their lives, is an amazing series of character studies depicting every characteristic of the human race.

Here we have Blind Bartimaeus, Judas Iscariot, Simon the Zealot, Matthew, Peter, the pampered Rich Young Man, the Bad Thief and the Good Thief; there is the Adulteress, the Official Whose Daughter Was Healed, the Woman Who Touched His Robe, Nicodemus, and many, many more. There are 67 characters in all—amazing portraits of people who seem to come alive on the page and be very real to the reader.

Sam Patrick and Omar Garrison have given us a book to be treasured and enjoyed and placed alongside the family Bible. Children and young people having read the accounts and gazed at these portraits will have these outstanding characters of the Bible impressed indelibly on their memories.

Omar Garrison is religious editor of the Los Angeles Mirror-News.

* * *

Speaking further of gift-books for Christmas, what could be a more acceptable gift than a beautiful anthology of fine poetry, such as some of the anthologies compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark—"Quotable Poems," containing Volumes I and II of Quotable Poems; or "Christ in Poetry," compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark and Hazel Davis Clark. There is also a selection from "Christ in Poetry" called "The Life of Christ in Poetry," published in one of the pocket, paper editions, a Reflection Book, which sells for 50c. This might be a good anthology in which to acquaint some friend with the compilations of Thomas and Hazel Clark. Then there is the lovely little edition of "God's Dreams,"

containing poems of Thomas Curtis Clark himself. All of these Clark anthologies are books from which Dr. Bradley often quotes.

BOOK LECTURE

Wednesday, December 4, 1957, Church Auditorium.....8:00 p.m.
Dr. Bradley will review
"The Art of Loving" by Eric Fromm

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

TODAY is the 14th of November and this morning I came to work at the Study in a downpour of rain. The Peoples Church Bazaar has opened today and I am looking forward to attending tonight and tomorrow night. It is very disappointing to look out on a black-looking, foggy, dirty-grey day, and one hopes that people will not mind the weather but will respond to our exciting, sociable, family-get-together Bazaartime dinner this evening. Mrs. Harry D. Stone, our lovable, charming General Chairman of the Bazaar and her corps of faithful workers have struggled with all manner of big problems and mountains of work to prepare for this big annual event and I know they will not be disappointed and that our dear friends and members will rally around come dinnertime and fill Anderson Hall to overflowing.

Fortunately the American public is such a working public that weather doesn't mean too much to them and once inside the hall jovial spirits will abound and the dark, ugly weather will be entirely forgotten, at least until going-home time.

Of course by the time you read these words the Bazaar will be over, the results added up, and we will be face to face with Christmas problems. Whatever would we do without problems? Life would be so tame and uninteresting! Recently I read a story of a little girl who asked the good fairy to make it be Christmas every day in the year. That was the day before Christmas. You can imagine what an awful year it was for everybody, for the good fairy granted the request. People got so they hated each other long before the year was up. They got so tired of taking presents around to everybody they began to just throw them over the fence at people. So you see it's good to have various kinds of problems—like Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, birthdays and Christmases, but have them come one at a time. Then there is New Year's! We might as well begin to get ready

for that one too. Because we must make our resolutions *before* January 1st, and this is the December number of The Liberalist.

I'm going to tell you a secret that will make the New Year a much better year. My secret is a little sentence in the form of a question. And the question is, "Is there a better way to do it?" I came across this question-sentence one evening and it impressed me as being a helpful sort of slide-rule to run my life by. The next day was a Monday. Monday is always a hectic day for me at the Study. A lot of correspondence is sent down from the church office; the schedule has to be made up for the week; the calendar has to be prepared for the next Sunday and sent off to the printer; all the press letters have to go out to downtown and neighborhood papers; everyone who knows the phone number seems bent on calling up on Monday; there are a thousand and one things all converging on Monday. It seemed as though there were about nine things I should do all at once. I got started on one, but before I had finished, the other eight were clamoring for my attention. I started to put aside the unfinished job and pick up one of the others which seemed to demand action.

Suddenly, out of a clear sky—really out of my sub-conscious, but as though it came popping right out of the front of my forehead—that sentence stood out in my mind:—"Is there a better way to do this mass of work?" The answer came to me at once: "Yes, get this one job done and into its envelope. Get that file put away and clear the decks for action on the next job." From that moment on the day went along like clockwork; busy, yes, but outwardly peaceful and serene.

However, I hadn't yet adopted the new slide-rule of my life so completely that it had become automatic to remember "Is there a better way to do this?" The day I forgot it until too late was a Saturday. I was housecleaning the bathroom linen closet, was up on a chair, or nearly up there, when down I went, striking the end of my spine on the hard tile floor. But, do you know, the slide-rule had begun to work sufficiently well that in a split second, as I was violently descending to the floor the sentence came to me in a sort of reversed form, thus: "There *was* a better way to do it."

I have found it to be quite amazing how that sentence remains with me, to pop out at odd moments, to check up on my actions. It acts as a sort of gauge by which to measure methods. It helps in buying clothes. Is this the best buy, or is there a better choice? Perhaps it may help you in making your Christmas selections. Perhaps it may help you in planning a trip, or baking a cake. Perhaps it might help a man in business in deciding whether this is the *best* time to present a proposition to another business man. Begin to practice with that slide-rule before 1958 rolls around so you will be accustomed to its use for the new year. You really will have a better year all around. Good luck to you!

* * *

Perhaps some of our readers remember having heard the Mundy Jubilee Singers. Recently on a letterhead of James A. Mundy, Director of Mundynamics Talent Bureau, came the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

For several weeks we have been enjoying the program, "What Are the Answers?" It was terminated about two weeks ago over station WBBM.

Last Sunday I tuned in as usual and to my most pleasant surprise heard and enjoyed your Premier over that station. It had been many years since I last enjoyed your broadcast because they occurred while I was functioning as choirmaster in a church.

The music as supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Bennett and your fine choir was filled with inspiration which flows from a background of Christian devotion. I shall be listening next Sunday and you have my best wishes for a wide audience.

Sincerely yours,
James A. Mundy.

* * *

Recently Dr. Bradley addressed an audience at a Memorial Service at St. Paul's House, 3831 N. Mozart Street. Mr. W. H. Zurfli, Secretary of the Board of Directors of St. Paul's House wrote as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors of St. Paul's House, which was held last night, I was requested to write you this note and thank you for the courtesy of your visit to us on the occasion of the R. A. John Memorial Services of last Sunday afternoon.

All of us whose privilege it was to hear you were inspired by your message, and we will receive encouragement from it for a long time to come.

It is our hope and wish that you will be able to come back and be with us again in the not too distant future.

* * *

From a letter by Mr. Sam Nader, District Superintendent of the Louisiana Conference, Lake Charles District, The Methodist Church, of Lake Charles, Louisiana, we quote:

"How I do wish I might have the opportunity of being in your services during the next two weeks! It thrills us to see what a wonderful contribution you are making to the religious life of our nation."

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Without any question you were one of the highlights of our recent Convention, and we are grateful to you for starting our Convention properly.

Enclosed find a copy of our anniversary Journal and union history which you will find interesting and informative about the lithographic industry.

With best wishes to you for many more years of good health and success.

Very truly yours,
George A. Canary,
International President.

* * *

October 14th happens to be Canada's Thanksgiving Day, and on that evening Dr. Bradley was asked to make an address for the Canadian Club of Chicago:

Dear Doctor:

The Canadian Club of Chicago has had many speakers in the past, but none has given us such a stimulating and inspirational message as you provided at the Union League Club last night.

Officers and Directors of the Canadian Club are very keenly aware of your impact upon the audience, and we should like you to know of our gratitude for making Thanksgiving Day of 1957 a long to be remembered occasion.

Again, our thanks, and may God bless you in your good work.

Sincerely,
M. W. Shoup, President.

* * *

Here is a letter from one who signs

herself "Justa Woman, Mrs. Thomas J. Boyce," of Markham, Illinois, who expresses her idea for action for the Protestant churches:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Some time ago you gave a talk in Harvey. I have thought of your suggestion so often, "A Church United." I believe this can be done.

God made two of all material things. We hear so often "The Roman Catholic Church," and I consider its teaching beautiful. But the word Protestant seems a misnomer with the many church names.

Why not the Peoples Protestant Church or the Methodist Protestant Church. I belong to the Methodist Church in my home town and I am a Protestant.

Every church is a nucleus unto itself, so its foundation seems to me to be built on sand.

Please read this in the spirit in which it is sent.

* * *

A nice note came from a radio listener "from at least 30 years ago," whose 50th wedding anniversary was announced over the air by Dr. Bradley:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We would like to thank you for that very nice announcement about our 50th wedding anniversary. I don't know who sent it to you, but whoever it was must know we always listen to you. For more than thirty years we have listened to you. It was a Presidential election year when we first listened and you were advising people to vote for the man they thought was the best man, rather than for a party, and that is the way we feel about it, too.

We have been out here in Antioch for seven years, having moved out from Chicago and we sure miss good old Chicago.

Mr. Hennig was a motorman in Chicago for 43 years. We raised our family in Chicago.

I wish I could express how we feel about you and your work, but I don't know how! We hope we may be listening to you for many years yet.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hennig.

* * *

Mrs. Massen evidently receives the little newspaper published by the Country Life School of Piney Woods, Mississippi. In a recent number they published an excellent picture of Dr. Bradley as he was seated by Dr. Laurence C. Jones, out of doors at their Commencement exercises. This is her letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was of course no surprise to see in a recent Uptown News a picture of you standing beside Alderman Freeman at the testimonial dinner given him on October 22nd, for you have always "stood by" every official who has been working for "Uptown" or for Chicago; but it was an especial pleasure to me to receive today the enclosed reprint from the Jackson Daily News of last May.

You have undoubtedly seen it, long before this; at least the picture so well captioned, "Men of Vision," and you were, I am sure, as proud as Dr. Jones must have been to have been in such good company. I think I first read of him and Piney Woods in the Reader's Digest, and have been happy to make small investments in so remarkable a work. For those of us who can give only small tokens of our deep interest in many causes in which we believe, when our dollars seem so few and paltry, your gift of time and

effort and influence is not only a matter of encouragement but of pride that you, our honored neighbor, should do so much.

Thanks and more power to you!

Sincerely,

Ethlyn P. Massen.

This is the time of year when we who have heard much about the Country Life School from Dr. Bradley, may do them many a good turn by thinking of them when we do our Christmas shopping. Also, if we have at home, supplies of pencils, tablets and other supplies such as any student can use; or books or clothing in good condition, for boys and girls, let us wrap them carefully and mail them to Dr. Laurence C. Jones, Country Life School, Piney Woods, Mississippi. I assure you these thoughtful gifts will be greatly appreciated and acknowledged by Dr. Jones. This is one way of remembering, as Dr. Bradley so often suggests, someone who might otherwise be forgotten and neglected at Christmastime.

* * *

Our readers may remember seeing the picture of the laying of the cornerstone for the Chicago Foundlings Home, in which Dr. Bradley took part. The following letter came from Dr. August F. Daro, of 55 East Washington Street:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Once again your presence inspired an auspicious occasion: that of the dinner honoring Doctor Karl Meyer and the worthy cause of the Chicago Foundling Home.

Your favorable comparison of Chicago with other cities was especially enlightening. Even though I have lived in this city almost as long as you, I was not aware, heretofore, of the many aspects in which Chicago excels.

It was indeed a pleasure seeing and hearing you again.

* * *

Here is a letter from a former Chicago man, one who formerly had the "Romance of Flowers" feature in the Saturday edition of the Chicago Daily News. I have not read a Saturday News lately so do not know whether that feature is still running. This letter comes from Laguna Beach, California, from Mr. Eugene Tasset Du Pont, whom a friend and I met at the Laguna Beach Art Fair a couple of summers ago:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I often listen to the radio sermons on Sunday. CBS, NBC and the other stations have a different minister every Sunday, from all over the United States. But they never have you! Why? Why aren't you included? You are the best one I ever heard, and that is one reason I miss old Chicago. I loved to go to your sermons or listen to them over the radio. What can we do to get you on the air? Surely your sermons could be placed on records for playing out here.

Why don't you try the L. A. Market for just a few weeks? It is the biggest and most responsive religious market in the nation I am told. Look what old John Brown did in this market: built a multi-million dollar institution; bought a big radio station. You could do it—even at your age. With your smart organization I am sure you could do it.

I am amazed that you have not come to this vast market of Southern California. It is ripe for a man of your caliber and ability and radiant religious optimism. I think Southern California would go for you. I believe

there are more Liberals here than in Chicago. I often wonder why your church has not grown outside of Chicago. It could have with the right organization—the kind you have in Chicago. It seems to me with your vigor and genius for management you could have a fine audience here. Why not? Think it over.

Best wishes and kind regards,
Eugene T. Du Pont III.

* * *

Several of our members are now living in the Old Peoples Home at 4724 Vincennes Avenue. This is a very fine home but it is located in what has now become a section of the city which is not as desirable as the quality of this home would warrant. Some of our very dear older members are living there and at Eastertime Dr. Bradley sends his car for them so they may be a part of the Easter service congregation. The letter we now publish is a little different from the usual letter and we think you will find it interesting. It comes from one of our members in the Home:

My dear Doctor Bradley:

Many years ago I attended the funeral of B. E. Sunny at Orchestra Hall. The minister (Central Church, Dr. Hillis) said he once asked Mr. Sunny to tell him the secret of his so happy and successful living. Mr. Sunny said: "Oh, yes. It is this: I was *very careful* in the selection of my pastor."

I am sure many of your church people would answer the same way.

Sincere thanks for the greeting card with the handsome color-photo.

Evelyn Sutherland.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your inspirational address at Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, was a fitting climax to The American Forestry Association's 82nd Annual Meeting. The riders in our bus sang all the way back to Madison and next day were still talking about the key points. This indicates that conservationists, as well as others, like to have their faith renewed from time to time.

We hope we may have the pleasure of your thoughtful guidance again.

Sincerely yours,
Kenneth B. Pomeroy,
Chief Forester, Washington, D.C.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

1—Address. P.T.A. Blythe School
Riverside, Illinois
2—Address. American Forestry Association,
Devil's Lake,
State Park, Madison, Wis.
3—Cut 2 records, WCFL.
Meeting Library Committee and City Comptroller.
4—Address. Teacher's Institute.
Luncheon with Superintendents and Principals.
Address. Teacher's Institute,
Harrisburg, Ill., Morning and afternoon address.
6—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast WCFL.
8—Address. California State Convention of Realtors, Philharmonic Auditorium, Los Angeles, California.
Address. Colorado State Realtor's Convention, Colorado Springs, Colorado.
12—Cut record at WBBM.
Funeral.
13—Opening program WBBM.
Sermon. B'cast WAIT.
Address. Memorial Service, for Pastor John, St. Paul's House, Chicago.
Broadcast. Vesper, WCFL.
14—Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
Address. Thanksgiving Day Observance, Canadian Club of Chicago. Union League Club.
15—Installation of Dr. Mead, as President of Meadville Theological School—Federated Faculty, University of Chicago.
Attended dinner for Dr. Mead at Quadrangle Club.
16—Address. Men's Club, First Methodist Church, Decatur, Illinois.
17—Address. Christian County Teacher's Institute, Taylorville, Ill.
18—Funeral.
Cut three records, WCFL.
Board meeting, Peoples Church.
19—Cut record, WBBM.
20—Broadcast WBBM.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcast. WAIT.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL.
Address. Willard Memorial Methodist Church, Oak Park.
21—Luncheon. American Bridge & Tunnel and Turnpike Assoc.
Two Funerals.
Address. Bismarck Hotel.
Chicago Congregational Club.
22—Testimonial Dinner, Alderman Allen Freeman.
23—Two Funerals.
24—Address. National Safety Congress. La-Salle Hotel.
Two Funerals.
Address. Past Master's Night.
A. F. & A. M. 64 W. Randolph.
25—Address. Toman Public Library Forum.
26—Cut record for WBBM.
Banquet. Testimonial Dinner to Abe Feinglass, Morrison Hotel.
27—WBBM Broadcast.
Sermon. Peoples Church.
Two weddings.
WAIT Broadcast.
Brunch. Prof. & Bus. Wom. Club, Pump Room.
Broadcast, Vesper, WCFL.
Address. Post Kollege Klub, First Methodist Church, Evanston.
28—Funeral.
Wedding.
20th Anniversary, Chicago Teacher's Union, Medinah Temple.
29—Sick calls.
Cut record. WBBM.
Dinner. Midland Authors, Ricardo's.
30—Reception and Tea for Halldor Laxness, Icelandic author, 1020 N. Lakeshore Drive.

WEDDINGS

27—Rose Lewan and
Stanley E. Lewandosia
Roberta Kolberg and
Wayne Collamore
28—Helen V. Clark and
James J. Granato

FUNERALS

8—Charles H. Kolberg
12—Mrs. Mary K. Redington
18—Charles M. Hayes
21—Peter Staargaard
Harold Rathburn
23—Peter Nordby
Clifford Lyon
24—Mrs. Lottie Reid
Luther M. Lewis
28—Mrs. Nina Brown Webb

CHRISTENINGS

13—Douglas Joseph Alderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Alderson.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School, Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education	9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Broadcast, WBBM	7:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service	11:00 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WAIT	1:00 p.m.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL	5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service	7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, First Wednesday of Month	8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, Dec. 2, American Citizenship Day, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Chairman. Mrs. Helen Lynch, of Board of Education, "Lighten the Way for our New Americans." Hostesses: Mrs. Harry Giffing, Mrs. Roy Monson and Miss Ethel Fowler	1:00 p.m.
Monday, Dec. 16, Christmas Party, Mrs. J. C. Beck, Chairman. Motion Pictures, "South America and Africa," by Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh. Hostesses: Mrs. Harry Stone and Mrs. Hugo Johnson	1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday Afternoon Tea and Christmas Musicale, artists to be announced later, Sunday, December 8	4:00 p.m.
Men's Club—No meeting in December. January meeting, 4th Tuesday, will be Sports Night	8:00 p.m.
Couples Club, regular bi-monthly meetings, to be announced in church calendar	8:00 p.m.
Uptown Temple Club (single adults), every Sunday night in Anderson Hall	5 to 7
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*	
Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays	8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed	9:30 p.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.	
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave.	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall	3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall	3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"—Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir	7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Church Service Broadcast	1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast	5:45 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check . . . money order for $2.00

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